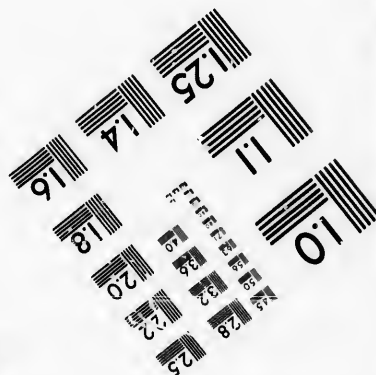
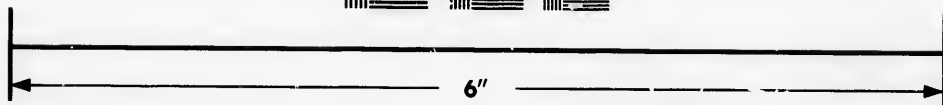
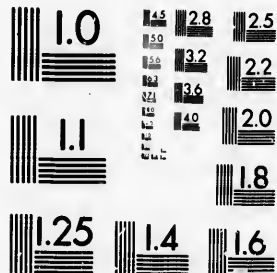


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503



**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques



© 1986

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						/					

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

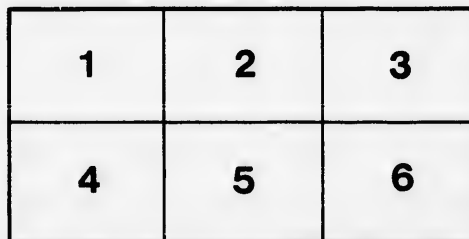
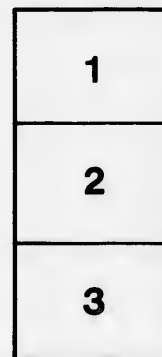
Seminary of Quebec
Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Séminaire de Québec
Bibliothèque

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

rrata
to

pelure,
n à

41

410

FRIAR JEROME'S BEAUTIFUL BOOK,
BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. WITH
DECORATIONS BY W. S. HADAWAY.

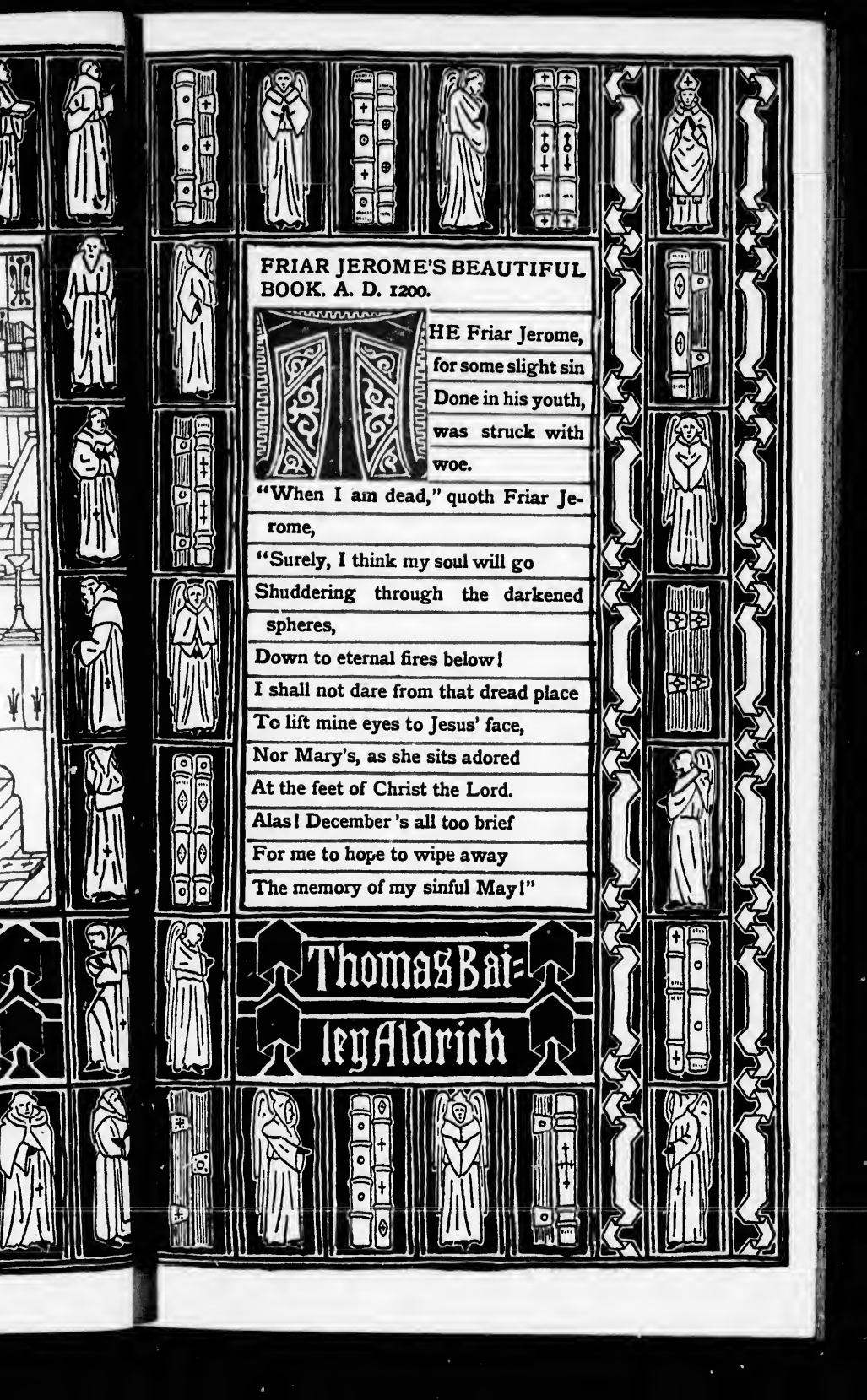


Copyright, 1865, and 1873, by Ticknor and Fields,
and James R. Osgood and Company. Copyright,
1890, and 1893, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Copy-
right, 1896, by Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
All rights reserved.

FRIAR JEROME'S BEAUTIFUL BOOK.



Friar Jerome's
Beautiful Book



**FRIAR JEROME'S BEAUTIFUL
BOOK. A. D. 1200.**



**HE Friar Jerome,
for some slight sin
Done in his youth,
was struck with
woe.**

**"When I am dead," quoth Friar Je-
rome,**

**"Surely, I think my soul will go
Shuddering through the darkened
spheres,**

**Down to eternal fires below!
I shall not dare from that dread place
To lift mine eyes to Jesus' face,
Nor Mary's, as she sits adored
At the feet of Christ the Lord.
Alas! December's all too brief
For me to hope to wipe away
The memory of my sinful May!"**

**Thomas Bai-
ley Aldrich**



□

□

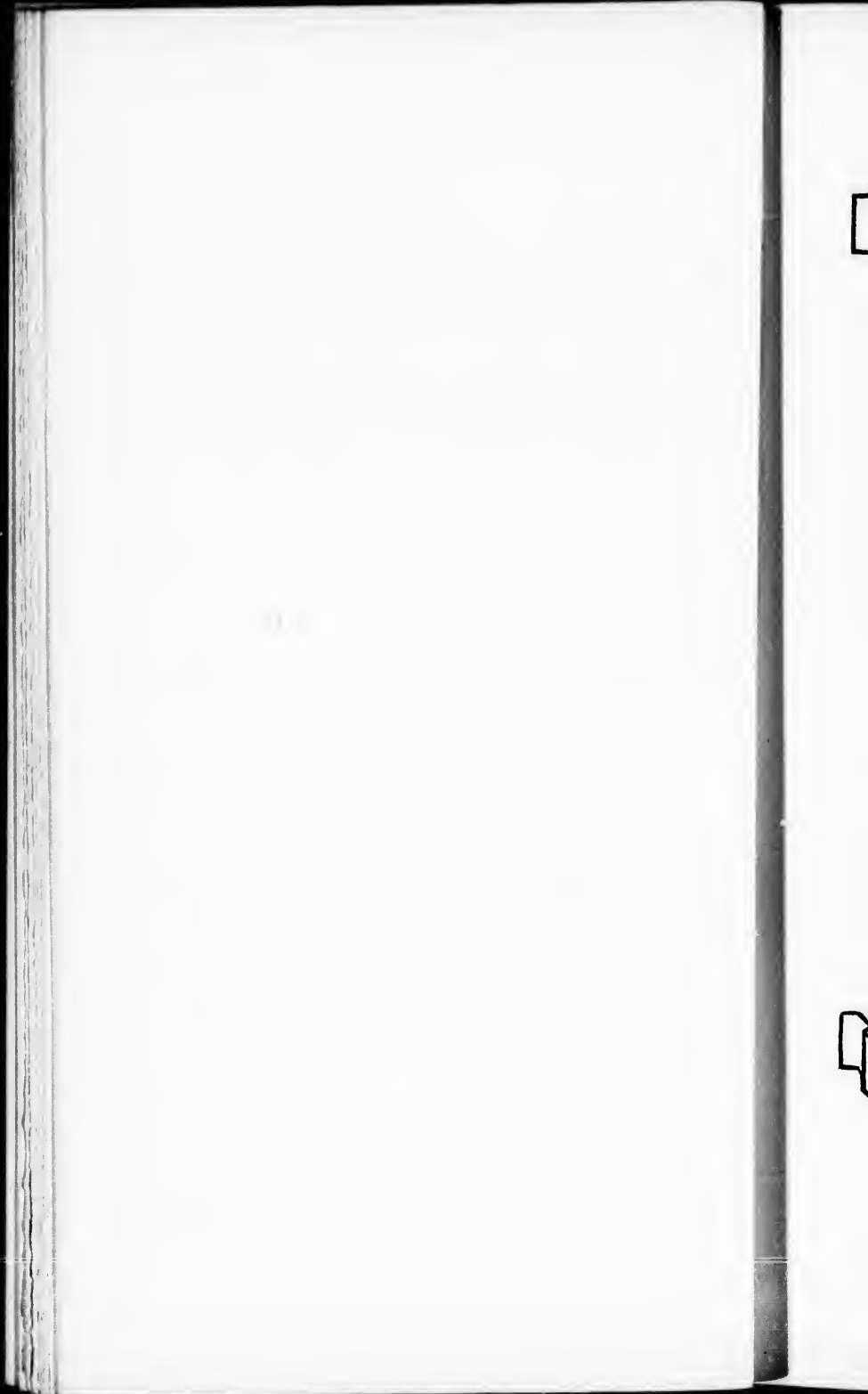
FRIAR JEROME'S

And Friar Jerome was full of grief
That April evening, as he lay
On the straw pallet in his cell.
He scarcely heard the curfew-bell
Calling the brotherhood to prayer ;
But he arose, for 't was his care
Nightly to feed the hungry poor
That crowded to the Convent door.

HIS choicest duty it had been :
But this one night it weighed him
"What work for an immortal soul, [down.
To feed and clothe some lazy clown !
Is there no action worth my mood,
No deed of daring, high and pure,
That shall, when I am dead, endure,
A well-spring of perpetual good?"

AND straight he thought of those
great tomes [boast—
With clamps of gold—the Convent's
How they endured, while kings and realms

BEAUTIFUL BOOK

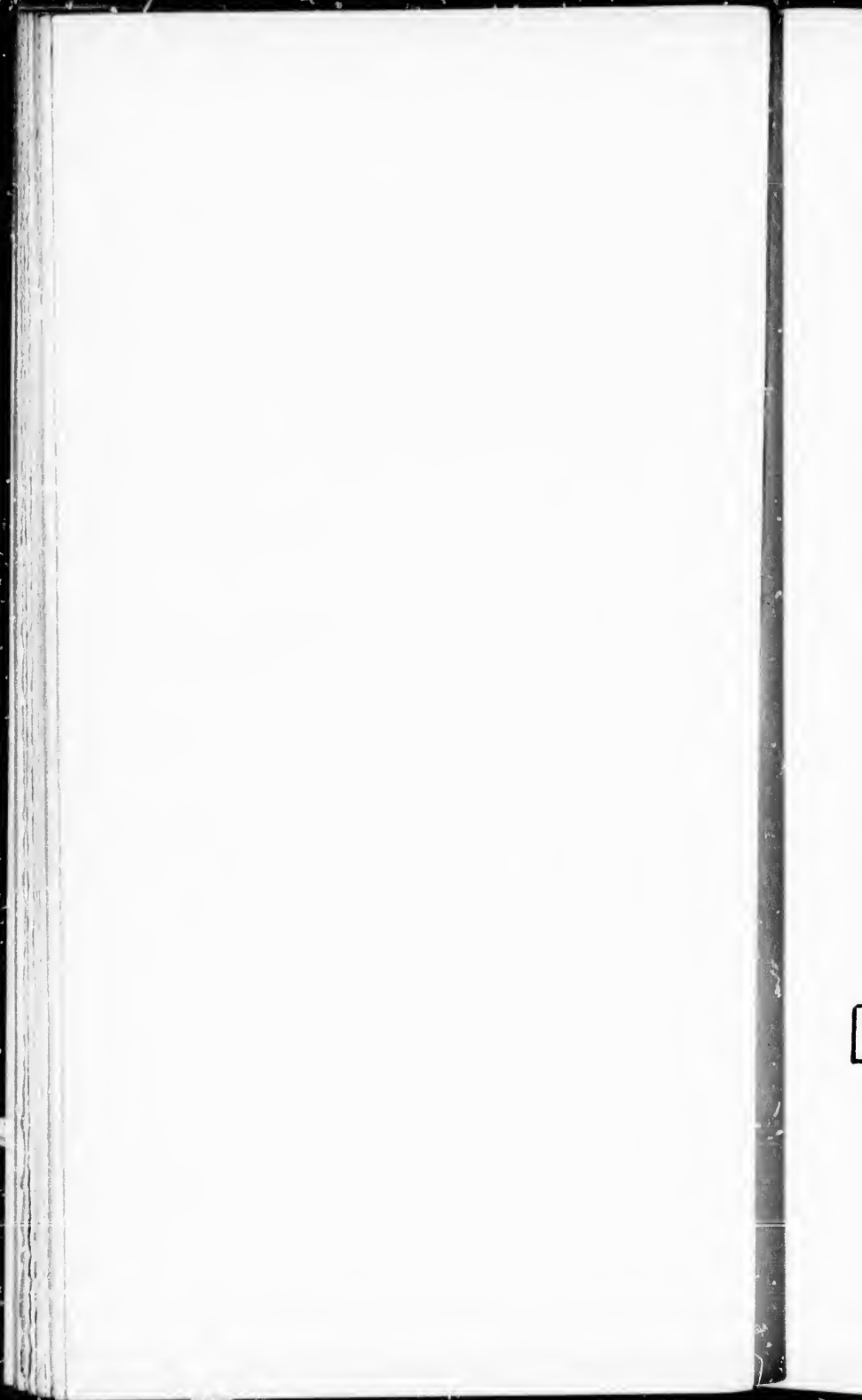


❧ Friar Troop ❧

Past into darkness and were lost;
How they had stood from age to age,
Clad in their yellow vellum-mail,
'Gainst which the Paynim's godless rage,
The Vandal's fire, could naught avail:
Though heathen sword-blows fell like hail,
Though cities ran with Christian blood,
Imperishable they had stood!
They did not seem like books to him,
But Heroes, Martyrs, Saints—themselves
The things they told of, not mere books
Ranged grimly on the oaken shelves.

❧ O those dim alcoves, far withdrawn,
He turned with measured steps and
Trimming his lantern as he went; [slow,
And there, among the shadows, bent
Above one ponderous folio,
With whose miraculous text were blent
Seraphic faces: Angels, crowned
With rings of melting amethyst;
Mute, patient Martyrs, cruelly bound

❧ Beautiful Book ❧

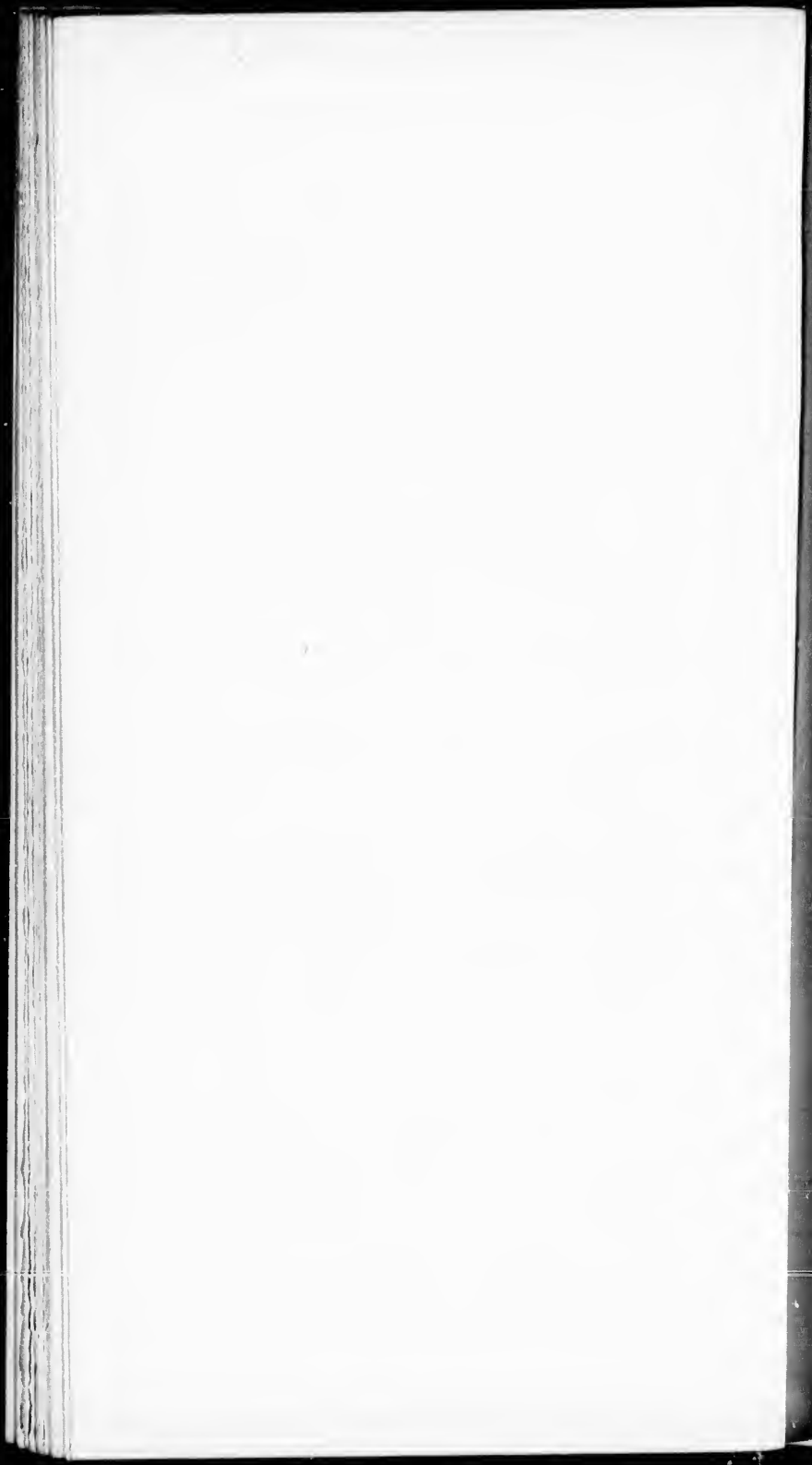


Friar Jerome

To blazing fagots; here and there,
Some bold, serene Evangelist,
Or Mary in her sunny hair;
And here and there from out the words
A brilliant tropic bird took flight;
And through the margins in any vine
Went wandering — roses, red and white,
Tulip, wind-flower, and columbine
Blossomed. To his believing mind
These things were real, and the wind,
Blown through the mullioned window, took
Scent from the lilies in the book.

“SANTA Maria!” cried Friar Jerome,
“Whatever man illumined this,
Though he were steeped heart-deep in sin,
Was worthy of unending bliss,
And no doubt hath it! Ah! dear Lord,
Might I so beautify Thy Word!
What sacristan, the convents through,
Transcribes with such precision? who
Does such initials as I do?”

Beautiful Book



Friar Jerome's

Lo! I will gird me to this work,
And save me, ere the one chance slips.
On smooth, clean parchment I'll engross
The Prophet's fell Apocalypse;
And as I write from day to day,
Perchance my sins will pass away."

SO Friar Jerome began his Book.
From break of dawn till curfew-chime

He bent above the lengthening page,
Like some rapt poet o'er his rhyme.
He scarcely paused to tell his beads,
Except at night; and then he lay
And tost, unrestful, on the straw,
Impatient for the coming day—
Working like one who feels, perchance,
That, ere the longed-for goal be won,
Ere Beauty bare her perfect breast,
Black Death may pluck him from the sun.
At intervals the busy brook,
Turning the mill-wheel, caught his ear;
And through the grating of the cell

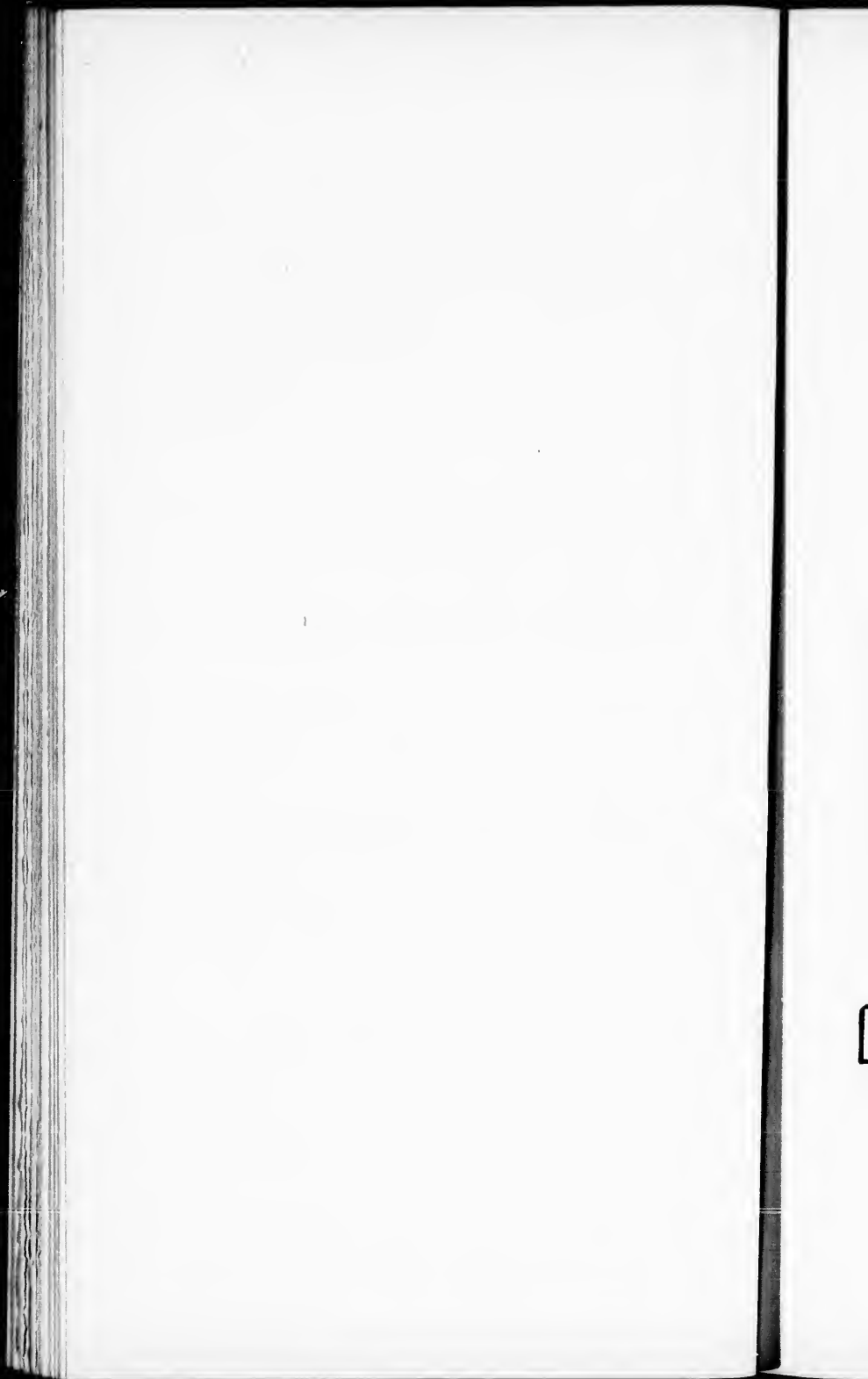
Beautiful Book

Friar Jerome's

He saw the honeysuckles peer,
And knew 't was summer, that the sheep
In fragrant pastures lay asleep,
And felt that, somehow, God was near.
In his green pulpit on the elm,
The robin, abbot of that wood,
Held forth by times; and Friar Jerome
Listened, and smiled, and understood.

WHILE summer wrapt the blissful
What joy it was to labor so, [land
To see the long-tressed Angels grow
Beneath the cunning of his hand,
Vignette and tail-piece subtly wrought!
And little recked he of the poor
That missed him at the Convent door;
Or, thinking of them, put the thought
Aside. "I feed the souls of men
Henceforth, and not their bodies!"—yet
Their sharp, pinched features, now and then,
Stole in between him and his Book,
And filled him with a vague regret.

Beautiful Book



Ⓕ Friar Trowp's Ⓕ

NOW on that region fell a blight:
The corn grew cankered in its sheath;

And from the verdurous uplands rolled

A sultry vapor fraught with death—

A poisonous mist, that, like a pall,

Hung black and stagnant over all.

Then came the sickness—the malign,

Green-spotted terror called the Pest,

That took the light from loving eyes,

And made the young bride's gentle breast

A fatal pillow. Ah! the woe,

The crime, the madness that befell!

In one short night that vale became

More foul than Dante's inmost hell.

Men curst their wives; and mothers left

Their nursing babes alone to die,

And wantoned, singing, through the streets,

With shameless brow and frenzied eye;

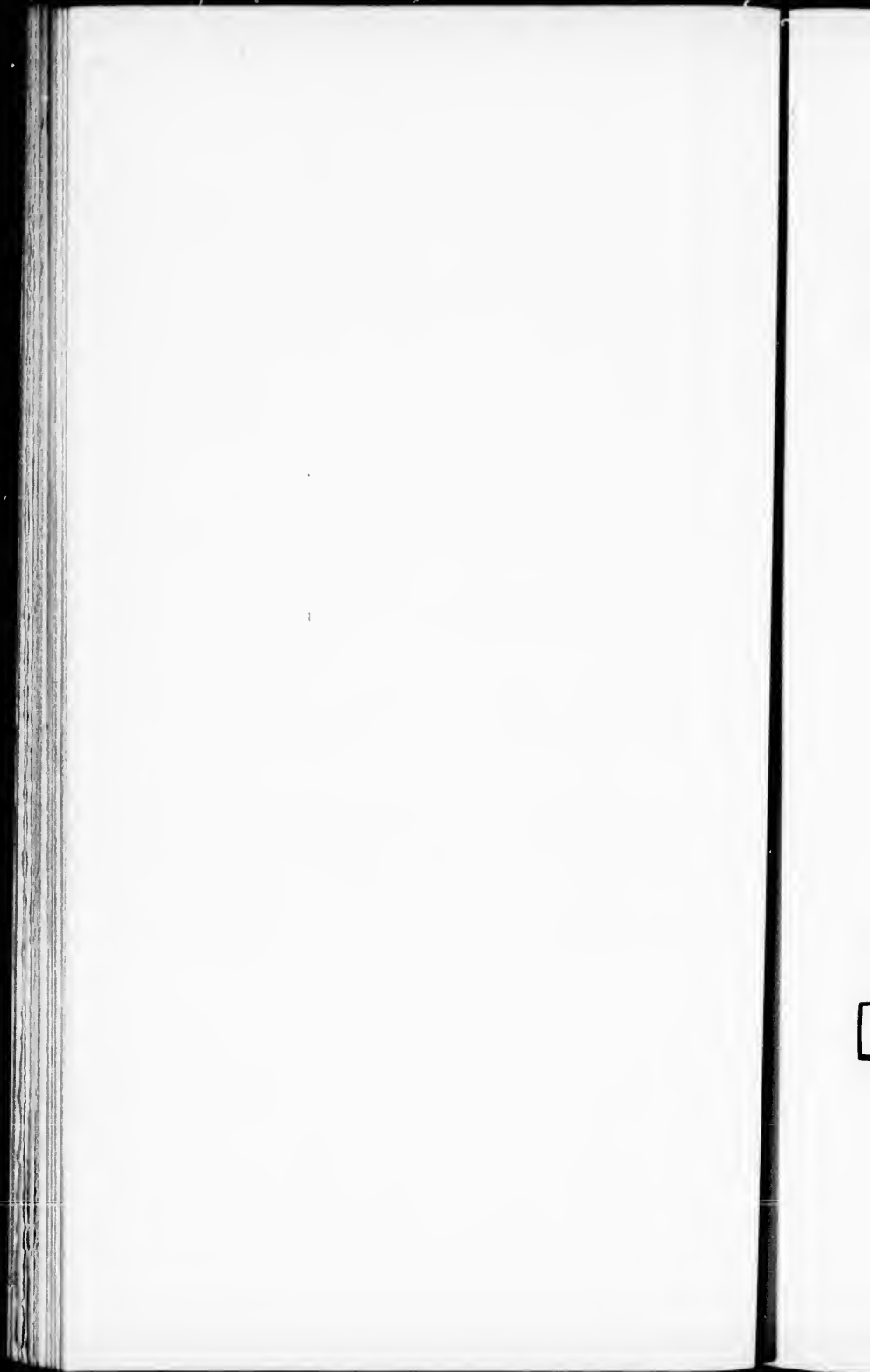
And senseless clowns, not fearing God—

Such power the spotted fever had—

Razed Cragwood Castle on the hill,

Pillaged the wine-bins, and went mad.

Ⓕ Beautiful Book Ⓕ

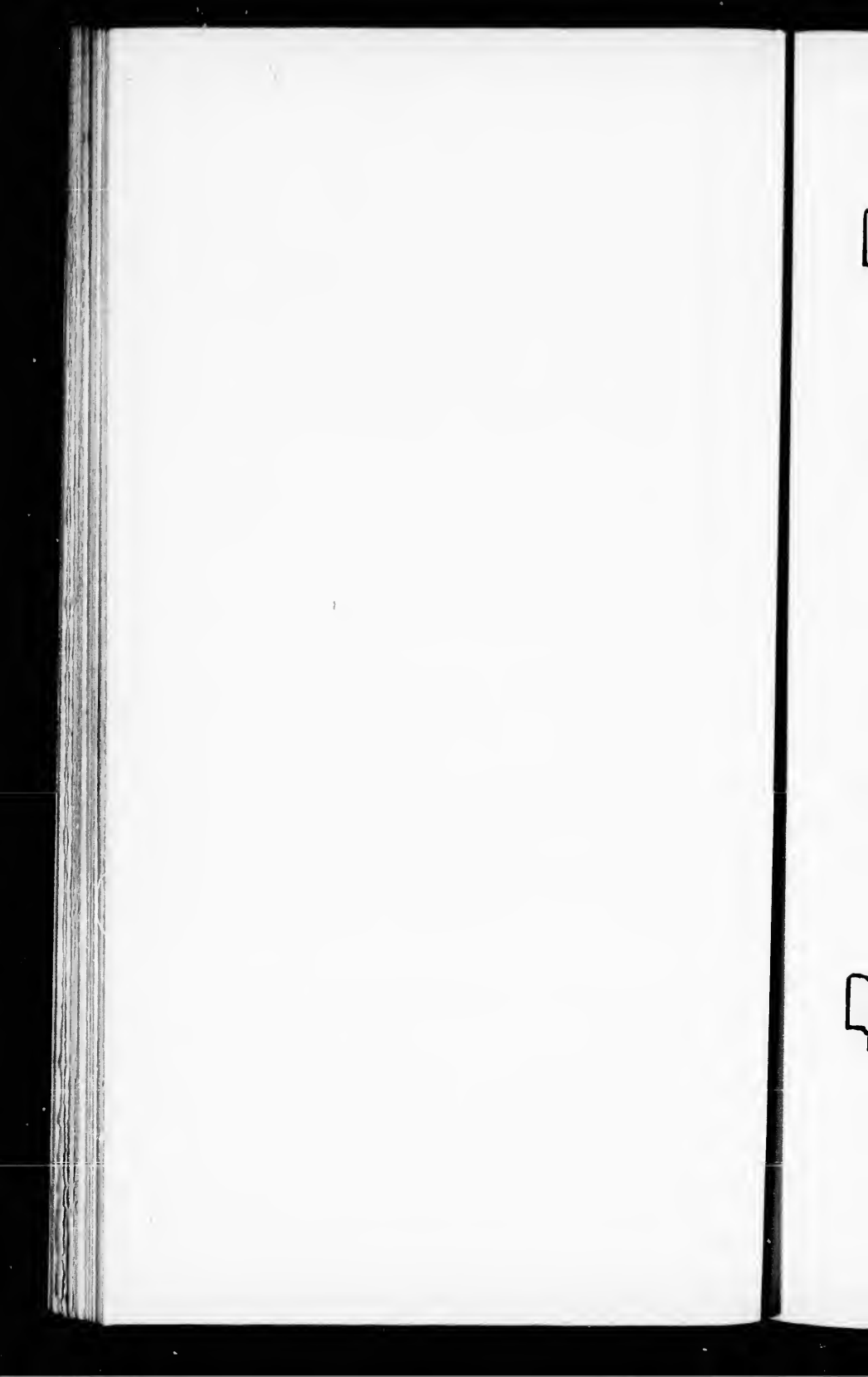


Of Friar Jerome's

And evermore that dreadful pall
Of mist hung stagnant over all :
By day, a sickly light broke through
The heated fog, on town and field ;
By night, the moon, in anger, turned
Against the earth its mottled shield.

A HEN from the Convent, two and two,
The Prior chanting at their head,
The monks went forth to shrive the sick,
And give the hungry grave its dead—
Only Jerome, he went not forth,
But hiding in his dusty nook,
"Let come what will, I must illumine
The last ten pages of my Book!"
He drew his stool before the desk,
And sat him down, distraught and wan,
To paint his daring masterpiece,
The stately figure of Saint John.
He sketched the head with pious care,
Laid in the tint, when, powers of Grace!
He found a grinning Death's-head there,

A Beautiful Book



Friar PROMP'S

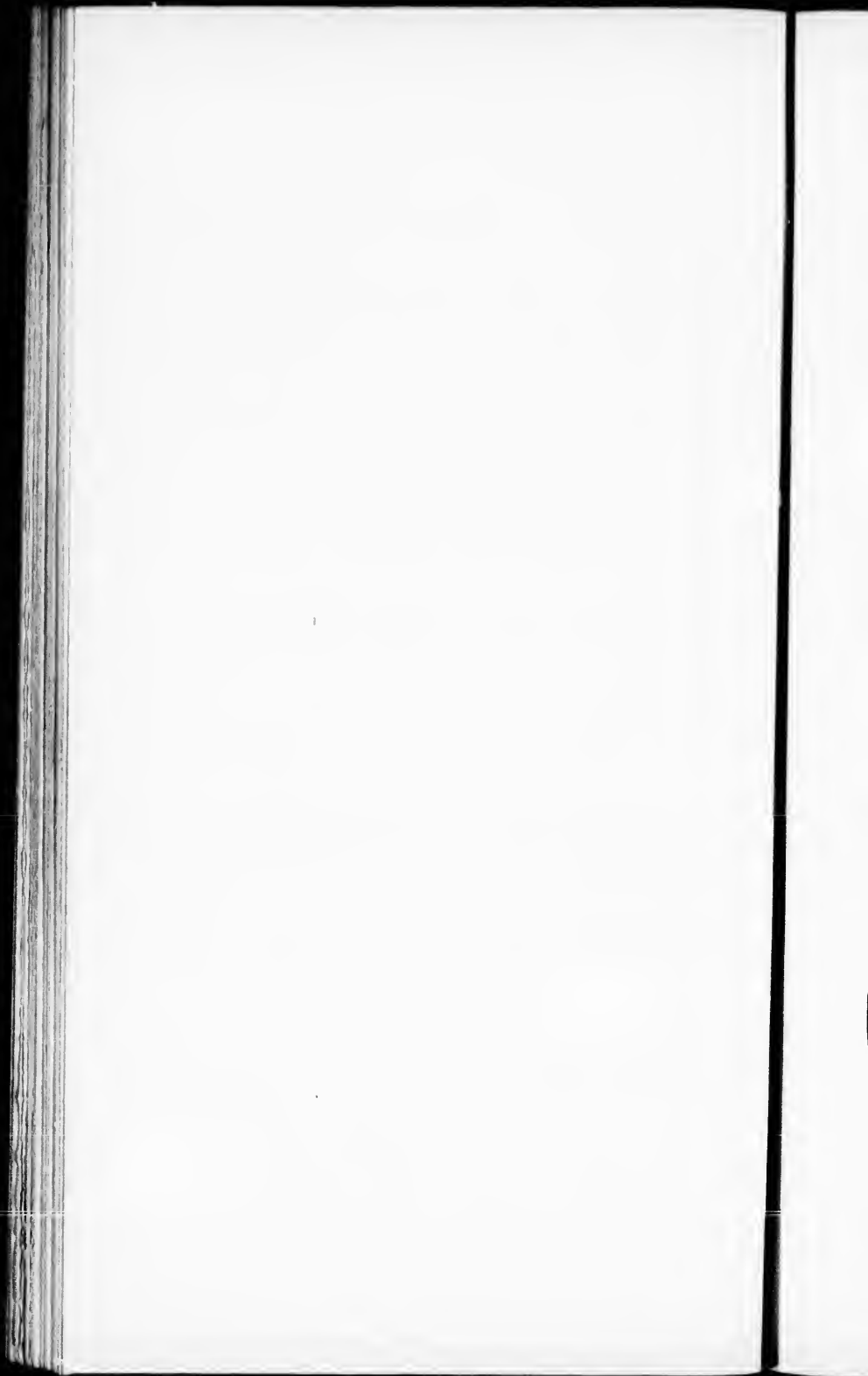
And not the grand Apostle's face!

WHEN up he rose with one long cry :
" 'Tis Satan's self does this," cried
" Because I shut and barred my heart [he,
When Thou didst loudest call to me!
O Lord, Thou know'st the thoughts of men,
Thou know'st that I did yearn to make
Thy Word more lovely to the eyes
Of sinful souls, for Christ his sake!
Nathless, I leave the task undone :
I give up all to follow Thee—
Even like him who gave his nets
To winds and waves by Galilee!"

WHICH said, he closed the precious
Book

In silence, with a reverent hand ;
And drawing his cowl about his face
Went forth into the Stricken Land.
And there was joy in heaven that day—
More joy o'er this forlorn old friar

A Beautiful Book



Friar Jerome's

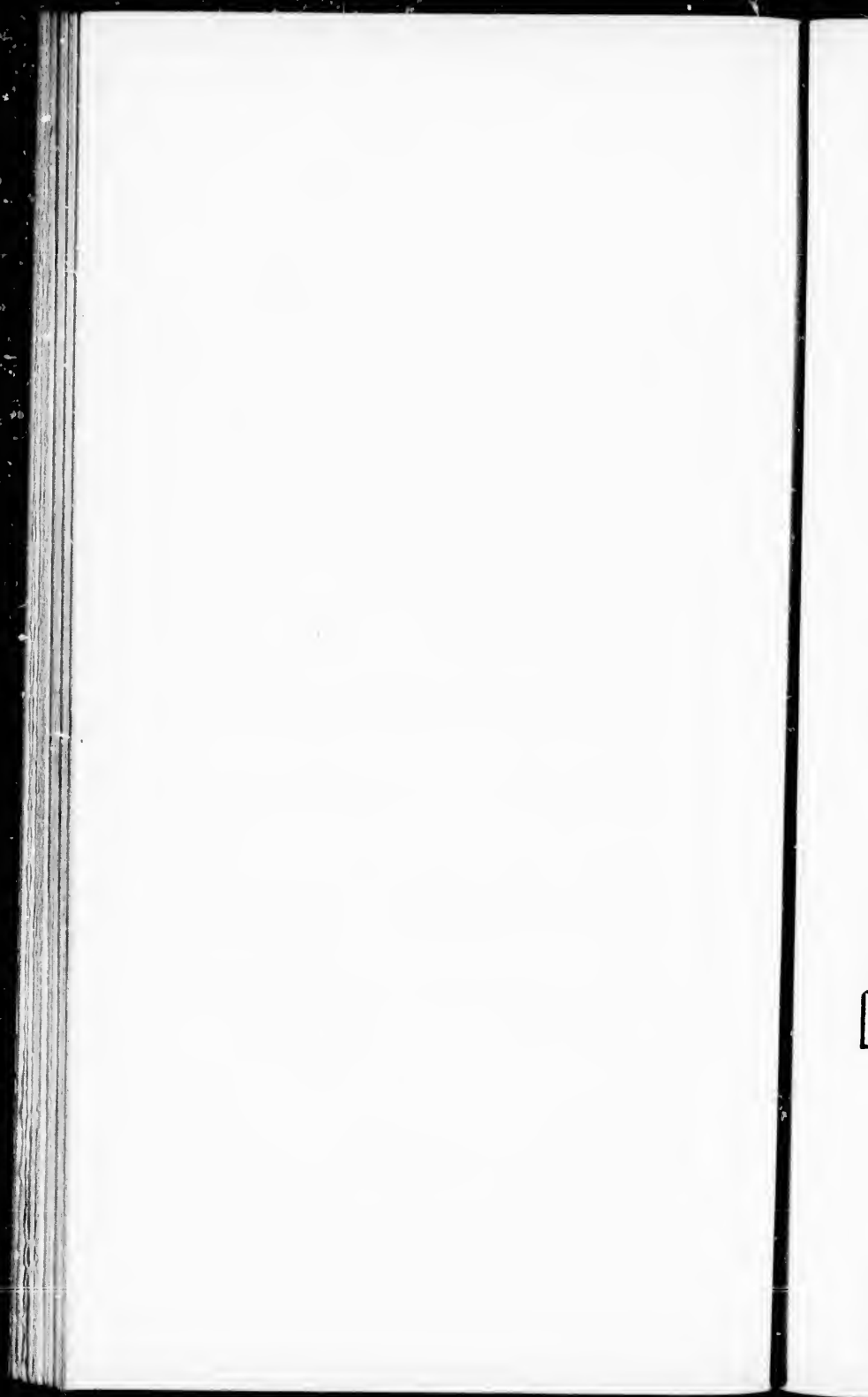
Than over fifty sinless men
Who never struggled with desire!

WHAT deeds he did in that dark town,
What hearts he soothed with an-
guish torn,

What weary ways of woe he trod,
Are written in the Book of God,
And shall be read at Judgment Morn.
The weeks crept on, when, one still day,
God's awful presence filled the sky,
And that black vapor floated by,
And lo! the sickness past away.
With silvery clang, by thorpe and town,
The bells made merry in their spires:
O God! to think the Pest is flown!
Men kissed each other on the street,
And music piped to dancing feet
The livelong night, by roaring fires!

WHEN Friar Jerome, a wasted shape—
For he had taken the Plague at last

Beautiful Book



FRIAR TROMP'S

Rose up, and through the happy town,
And through the wintry woodlands, past
Into the Convent. What a gloom
Sat brooding in each desolate room!
What silence in the corridor!
For of that long, innumerable train
Which issued forth a month before
Scarce twenty had come back again!

COUNTING his rosary step by step,
With a forlorn and vacant air,
Like some unshaven churchyard thing,
The Friar crawled up the mouldy stair
To his damp cell, that he might look
Once more on his beloved Book.

AND there it lay upon the stand,
Open!—he had not left it so.
He grasped it, with a cry; for, lo!
He saw that some angelic hand,
While he was gone, had finished it!
There 't was complete, as he had planned;

Beautiful Book



There, at the end, stood **FINIS**, writ
And gilded as no man could do—

Not even that pious anchoret,
Bilfrid, the wonderful, nor yet
The miniatore Ethelwold,

Nor Durham's Bishop, who of old
(England still hoards the priceless
leaves)

Did the Four Gospels all in gold.

And Friar Jerome nor spoke nor stirred,

But, with his eyes fixed on that word,
He passed from sin and want and scorn;

And suddenly the chapel-bells
Rang in the holy Christmas-Morn!



IN THOSE WILD WARS WHICH
RACKED THE LAND || SINCE
THEN, AND KINGDOMS RENT IN
TWIN, || THE FRIAR'S BEAUTIFUL
BOOK WAS LOST— || THAT MIRACLE
OF HAND AND BRAIN: || YET, THOUGH
ITS LEAVES WERE TORN AND TOST,
|| THE VOLUME WAS NOT WRIT IN
VAIN!





writ



less



rred,
ord,
orn;

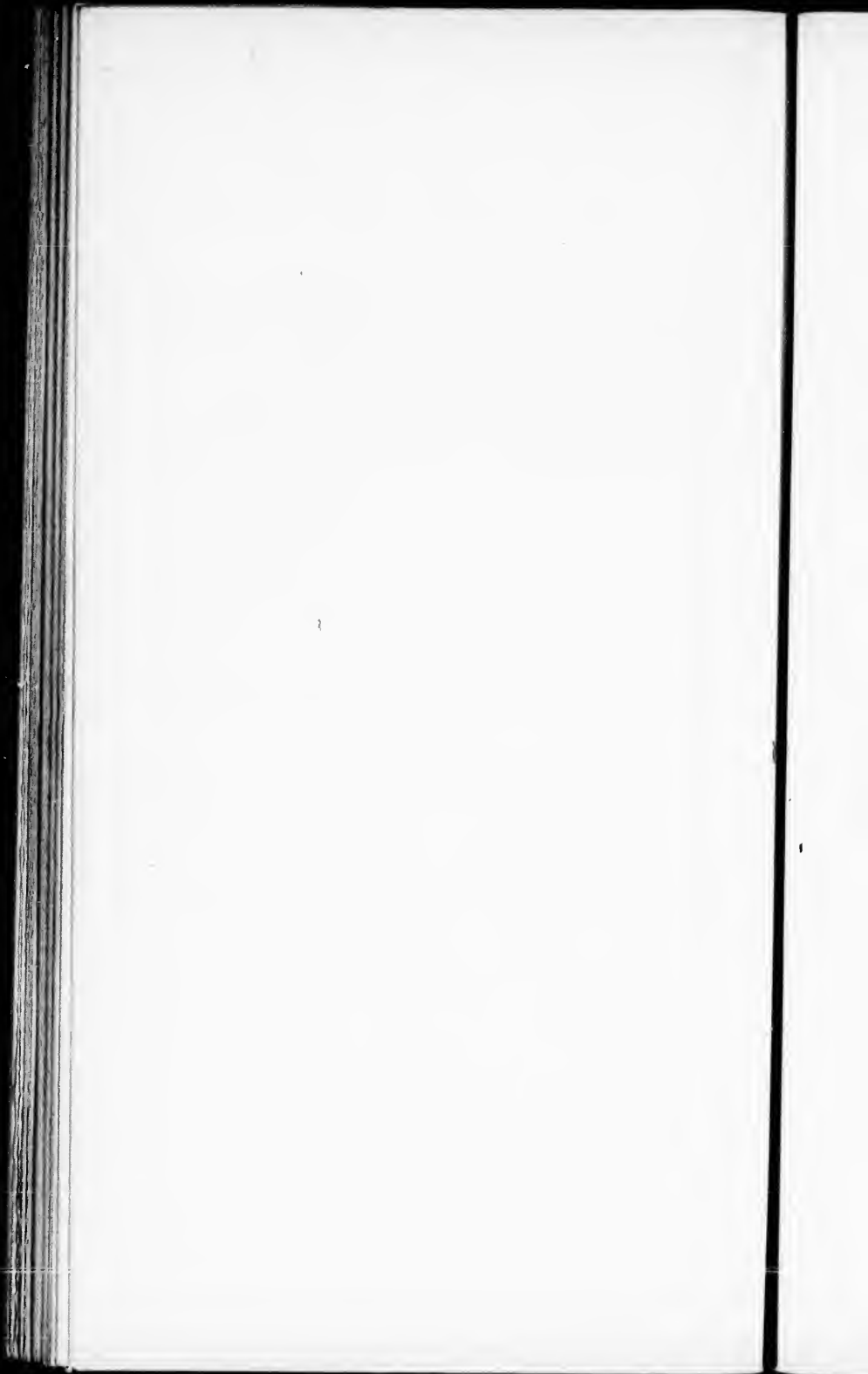


!



HICH
NCE
IT IN
FUL
GLE
UGH
OST,
T IN





PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN
AND COMPANY, BOSTON AND NEW
YORK, THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, CAM-
BRIDGE. 1896.

